

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### The Bartholdi Statue.

The land that from the rule of the Kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shapes of Egypt's sands  
Uplifted by the toll-worn slave,  
On Freedom's soil with Freedom's hands  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe,  
In peace, beneath thy Fleur de Lis,  
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately symbol! holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Bait the earth  
With watch-fire from thy torch uplift!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be;  
Trace on mankind the eternal will  
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To Reason's way and Virtue's aim,  
A lightning flash the wretch to smite  
Who shields his license with thy name!

—Whittier.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE TURRET DOOR.

It was a beautiful and still evening toward the end of summer, when in the course of my wanderings about the ancient city I entered the quiet and solitary close of the gray cathedral. The rooks were gathering in the old elms which stood around. A ruddy light wrapped the great gray towers which rose far up into the evening air. The sounds of the city from without came faintly and at intervals to the ear as I walked slowly across the close toward the low wide steps which ascended and were lost in the shadow of the noble porch.

On reaching the great door of the cathedral I found it closed. But in the centre of this there was another smaller door which still stood open—and here a party was endeavoring to persuade the ancient verger that the hour was not yet too late to permit them to inspect the interior. It so happened that just as I came up they succeeded in overcoming his hesitation, and he turned to lead the way into the building.

The party followed him, and I among them.

The party of visitors to which I had joined myself had completed, under the guidance of the verger, the customary tour of inspection round the ancient fabric, and were now preparing to leave the building. I had fallen for a moment behind the rest, in order to examine a fine and deeply interesting specimen of antique carving which covered the whole of the wall near which I stood. The great door of the cathedral, where the rest of the party were now standing, was not visible from this spot; but I could hear their voices plainly, round the angle of the wall. Aware that I had not much time to linger unless I wished to be looked up all night, I cast a last glance at the rich tracery of the woodwork and prepared reluctantly to turn away.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a portion of the carving which seemed to stand out slightly from the rest. I put my hand upon the carved head of the Apostle Peter and pulled it outward. To my amazement a door opened in the carving, showing beyond it a dark passage. I stooped forward and looked in. As I did so the door, which was thick and massive, and which was hung glancingly upon its hinges in such a manner as to close with its own weight, swung heavily back from the position into which I had pushed it, and coming unexpectedly upon me as I stooped forward, projected me into the opening and shut behind me.

The suddenness of the incident and the total darkness in which I found myself entombed startled and confused me. But at first I felt no positive alarm. I attempted at once to push open the door but to my surprise it did not yield. I pushed harder—harder yet—I exerted all my strength, but the door remained immovable.

At last, finding all my efforts useless, I endeavored to attract the attention of those outside. I raised my voice and called loudly for assistance at the same time beating a vigorous tattoo with my stick against the door. I then paused and listened, in the expectation of being speedily released. But to my surprise and alarm the minutes passed and there was no response.

With a vague terror at heart I renewed my endeavors. I raised a clamor that awoke the echoes of the building. But still no voice replied

from outside my prison, no hand released the fastening of the door. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I had delayed too long. While I had been trying to force open the door by my own efforts, the party of visitors had left the cathedral, either without observing my absence, or perhaps supposing that I had left before them. The verger had locked up the building and departed. There was no one within hearing to assist me.

My consternation at this discovery may be conceived. The idea that I was fated to pass the night in this dark and narrow prison was one which I refused to entertain. Again, again, and yet again I hurled myself against the wooden barrier, with rage, with fury, with despair. Not until I had exhausted every effort in my power, not until every gleam of hope had vanished from my mind, did I give up the attempt to the door as hopeless, and turned away from it to examine more narrowly the place of my imprisonment. Nothing now seemed left to me but to ascertain how I might pass the hours with least discomfort, until I might expect assistance from without.

In my assaults upon the door I had already discovered that the place in which I was inclosed was of small dimensions. It was, in fact, little more than a recess or deep niche in the masonry, not exceeding three feet square, it would neither enable me to lie at full length nor to obtain any other relief for my tired limbs than by the change of one cramped and uneasy posture for another. The floor was of solid pavement. The roof, as I stood erect, just touched my head. The walls, like the floor, were of solid stone. Standing close to one of these, and casting my eyes upward, I made a discovery which filled me at first with surprise, and afterward with extreme perplexity.

Between the roof and the wall there was a space of at least four inches. Through this space I became aware of a faint gleam of light very far above my head. With the object of ascertaining the length of this aperture I moved along the wall, keeping my eye upon the crevice. The light did not vanish. I turned the angle of the wall and still the light remained visible. I traversed in succession the four walls of the cell, no obstacle obscured the feeble gleam. The roof did not touch the wall at a single point of the circuit.

Presently a loud and startling sound, seeming to issue from the roof above my head, burst suddenly upon the silence. It was the great clock of the cathedral striking the hour. The notes fell slowly from a deep, solemn and sonorous bell. But instead of reaching my prison, as might have been expected, in dull, far-off and muffled tones, they fell open my ears with thrilling clearness and distinctness, as if they were close at hand. It was evident, in fact, that my cell must be situated directly under the clock tower. This conclusion, however, led me no further at the moment.

I sat for a long time in reflection upon the number of hours which must elapse before I could expect to be set free. The bell had struck the hour of six. The cathedral would probably not be open in the morning before 9 or 10. I had, therefore, some fifteen hours at least before me to get through as best I might.

How slowly the time waned! At seemingly long intervals the bells struck the quarters: one, two, three, four; and then in deeper tones the hour itself—7. And now, when the ringing sound of the last note had died away, the bells of the carillon began to chime. The notes fell on my ears with the singular and unaccountable distinctness which I had observed in the striking of the hour. They chimed the evening hymn.

Very suddenly a strange thought struck me, causing me to raise my eyes toward the ceiling of my cell. In my present position I could just perceive the faint gleam of light discernible far up through the interspace between the roof and the wall; but the roof itself was buried in darkness. I arose slowly to my feet, and the carefully formed conjecture of my mind was instantly confirmed. As I had expected, I could no longer stand erect; my head now struck the roof. The whole truth flashed at once across my mind. I saw why the roof did not touch the walls of the inclosure, why it was formed of massive iron. It was descending.

Yes—descending! During the hour I had remained seated, the roof had sunk through a space of fully four

inches. But this discovery, when now I made it, so far from causing me perplexity, at once revealing to me the whole mystery of my prison.

The directness of sound with which the chiming of the bells reached my ears had already told me that the belfry must be situated directly above my head. I now perceived that what I had taken for a solid heavy roof was in fact the massive and enormous weight of the great clock. I was imprisoned in the bottom of the shaft into which the weight descended. The ponderous block of solid metal was falling at the rate of about four inches an hour, or rather more. In less time than it takes to trace these words, the consequence of this flashed through my mind. In fifteen hours the weight would descend through a space of five feet. Long before I could expect release, the enormous mass would be upon me, and would crush me helplessly against the pavement of my prison.

My sensation upon making this discovery I will not attempt to describe. Often—very often—in the course of my life, have I had occasion to remark the truth of the saying: "The avenues that lead to death are numerous and strange." Little did I think how nearly I was myself to afford an example of its truth. Yet surely no mortal was ever before the victim of an accident so wildly singular and so full of horror! There the great weight was above me. Slowly, surely, it was creeping downward in the darkness and silence of the night.

And far up in the soft air of sunset the bells were still ringing the evening hymn.

For many minutes after making this discovery I remained motionless, striving vainly to realize the most singular yet deadly peril which threatened me. I do not know how long it was before I so far recovered my faculties as to become capable of thought. At length, rousing myself by an effort to examine whether any way to escape lay open to me, I turned my attention to the interspace between the weight and the wall; but it was far too narrow to admit of the passage of my body. Then—to such extremities may desperation drive its victims—I thought of attempting to arrest the great weight by supporting it with my stick as it descended. I might as well have attempted to support a falling avalanche.

Then an idea occurred to my mind which brought with it a gleam of hope. I thought it possible that by applying my strength to the weight itself, I might be able to impart to it by slow degrees a swinging motion, like that of a pendulum; and this being continued, might at length bring the ponderous mass in contact with the door, and so burst it open. Raising myself from the floor of the cell, upon which I had again sunk down, I applied my strength to the weight and by exerting all my energy in a succession of rhythmic impulses I gradually succeeded in imparting to it an almost imperceptible movement. Gradually this increased; and but for an unforeseen circumstance the scheme might have been successful. But I presently found that the weight did not hang exactly in the centre of the shaft. The consequence of this was that it struck the wall opposite the door before it reached the door itself. The extent of its swing being thus checked, my utmost efforts failed to bring it into contact with the door. The attempt had therefore to be abandoned, and hope again died within me.

Hope died within me. And now my sensations were those of extreme horror and dismay. I for the first felt the certainty of my fate. A deadly sickness seized me. In a paroxysm of despair I flung myself again upon the floor of my prison, and lay there without motion.

I will not dwell upon the long hours that followed—those hours of more than mortal agony of mind. The sensations of those who have stood face to face with death for hours, watching with starting eyes his slow approach, are to me no mystery. But the mind of man has morifically been so ordered that agony prolonged beyond a certain point ends in benumbing the power of feeling. Thus it is that criminals condemned to execution often sleep soundly and eat with appetite; a fact which seems amazing to those who consider how comparatively slight a degree of mental distress has power to rob the night of rest and to turn the daintiest food to poison. They do not reflect that mental agony in its extremity ceases to be felt. But thus it is, and thus it was with me.

I believe also that the air of the shaft must have acted upon me with some stupefying or bewildering influence, like that of the vigor which often gathers at the bottoms of old wells. The agitation of my mind gradually gave place to a strange feeling of indifference. The peril under which I lay ceased to trouble me, and at last no longer occupied my thoughts.

I began instead to be curiously disturbed by another circumstance, very trivial in itself; by a sound, which reached my senses from somewhere in the stillness: a sound low, muffled, throbbing and mysterious, like the beating of my own blood. Had my mind been clear I could not have failed to recognize it for what it was. The sound seemed in my ears; but this was merely owing to my position in the shaft. In reality, it was the ticking of the great clock, far above my head.

For hours I sat there, listening mechanically, half unconsciously, to this monotonous sound, broken at intervals by the notes of the deep-toned bell. At length, probably owing in great measure to the heavy effect of the air upon me, I must have passed into a sort of stupor, which lasted very long.

When I came to myself I was conscious of a very singular sensation. The pitchy darkness was about me, and of course I could see nothing. But, in some unaccountable manner, of which I fear it is impossible for me to convey a notion, I was aware that during my trance the weight had descended a great way, and was now close above my body. I could feel, though nothing touched me, the huge and threatening mass brooding over me in the darkness. With a mighty effort—for like a person in nightmare I seemed to have lost the power of motion—I raised my hand. My expectation was a correct one. My hand struck against the under surface of the weight, at an elevation of less than three inches from my face! At last—after an eternity of unutterable suspense—at last—it touched me.

It touched me. At first lightly; then with a perceptible pressure; then with a pressure which grew distressing. In vain I sought relief; in vain I strove to writhen my body into narrower compass. Slowly, steadily, the mass descended, crushing me against the floor.

The last minute of my life seemed to come. I breathed a prayer to heaven and resigned myself to die. Still a space the weight descended; my brain swam; my breathing difficult; I believe that for some brief seconds I bore upon my fainting form the whole burden of the ponderous mass. The blood rushed in torrents to my head, I felt that my senses were leaving me.

Very suddenly the pressure ceased. I was conscious of a welcome relief. I drew in a deep breath, freely. I moved my limbs, and found their liberty no dream. The weight was gone!

I raised my hand and it encountered space. I staggered, gasping, to my feet. The weight was already above my head, and rising rapidly upward into the darkness of the shaft. A sound of moving mechanism reached me from above. I thought I heard the murmur of voices; men were moving in the tower above me.

The purpose which had brought them there was evident; they were winding up the clock.

I remember little more, and that confusedly. I have some dim memory of an interval of silence, broken by voices outside my prison; of the sudden opening of the door; of a blinding light; of a group of several forms without. I seem to remember also that there were cries of wonder as I staggered from my narrow lodging and fell fainting into the arms of my deliverers. But these things are to me as the shadows of a dream. The rushing darkness returned upon me, and for many hours I knew no more.

Such is the story of my strange adventure. I greatly doubt whether in all the chapter of accidents in history a stranger can be found. I have already stated that its truth is known to several persons, and that the strict accuracy of my account can be verified by simple inquiry.—Argosy.

### The Tearerchief.

In some portions of Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom still prevails. When a girl is about to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church her mother hands her a kerchief which is called a tear kerchief. It is made of newly spun linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house and while she stands at the altar.

After the marriage is over and the bride has gone with her husband to their own new home, she folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in the linen closet, where it remains untouched. The tear kerchief has only performed half its mission.

Children are born, grow up, marry and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new tear kerchief. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet on the day of the marriage. Generations come and go. The young rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have survived her husband and all her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not yet fulfilled its object. But it comes at last. At last the weary eyes close for the long, long sleep, and the tired, wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear kerchief is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead, never to be removed until we are summoned to come forth on the resurrection morn.

## MISSISSIPPI.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I am writing this letter to night, it is raining as fast as it can pour. Rain has been needed here.

I think it proper to send you a short history of this, the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institution, where I am remaining for a day or two as a guest of Superintendent Dobyns, in whom I always find a warm friend and brother. He assures me of his pleasure to have me talk to his pupils on subjects both secular and religious.

What first caused the establishment of this school is, in my opinion, worth knowing.

To Mr. Lawrence W. Saunders, the oldest teacher, is due the credit of having it opened at Jackson, Miss.

One day, while he was walking about town, a small boy without any education, a druggist, deceased, met and found him deaf and dumb, beckoned to him to come into his drugstore, and showed him to a deaf-mute, named John H. Garley, who had been educated at the New York Institution under the superintendency of the late Dr. H. P. Peet.

Mr. G. made some signs before the silent boy, who asked him if he was deaf and dumb, to which he replied Yes, by nodding his head. The sign interview was witnessed with such interest by some of the members of the Legislature then in session, that they had several conversations with the deaf-mute individual on the subject of the education spoken of, and afterwards passed a bill appropriating a sum of money for the instruction of deaf-mutes. This good event took place in 1857.

Mr. Saunders first entered the school as a State pupil, and Mr. Cabanis, now a railroad clerk, next. The first principal was Mr. Garley, who threw up his place in about eight months. After his resignation, he went to Louisville, Ky., where he taught a deaf-mute girl as a private tutor for about two years. What he afterward did, does not occur to my mind. I remember meeting him in Cincinnati in 1845. I found his appearance to be that of a nicely dressed gentleman of large stature with a shining stove-pipe hat. We both had pleasant stogachats at the Broadway Hotel, now gone.

His successor was Dr. Cabanis, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum. I think, at the same time. He had a deaf-mute son in the school under his control. His principalship lasted about one year, at the end of which time Alphons Kerr Martin, of whom I spoke in my Natchez letter. I have no exact idea how long he held his position. Before his decease, he had the honor of presiding over three different deaf and dumb institutions, that is to say, first the Missouri Institution as Vice-Principal, then the Mississippi, as principal, and last the Louisiana as the same. I think I am correct.

Pomery succeeded him and attended to his duties as principal for a year or a little longer, after which he removed to Kentucky and became a Baptist minister. During his principalship, he made an excellent teacher, so I am told.

Scott, while principal of the Tennessee School, was called to this Institution. He held his place until the last war caused this school to be closed.

The war being ended, Dr. Carter became principal of this school, which

position he held for four years. He is a leading physician, in Dallas, Texas, which bids fair to be the New York of Texas.

His place was taken by Mr. Talbot who had retired to private life on a fine farm near Danville, Ky.

The incumbent is Mr. Dobyns, who has had many years experience as an educator of deaf-mutes. From my frequent meetings with him, I can safely say that he was born to be a teacher of deaf-mutes. He presides over both the school for white mutes and that for colored ones at the same time. The two schools are not under the same roof, the one being separated two miles from the other. Mr. Dobyns has, therefore, to ride that distance either on horseback or in the buggy. It shows him to be a man of great energy and perseverance.

I officiated here yesterday morning, and at the colored school in the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, both mutes, are Steward and Matron of the latter school. This afternoon, they treated me to a nice dinner, which I enjoyed hugely. It was like a royal dinner.

At the expiration of the war, Messrs. Saunders and Cabanis were sent to the Virginia Institution where they remained for two or three years. Mr. Saunders is called a fine teacher of deaf-mute beginners in this Institution.

I leave early in the morning for Old Virginia, from which State I have been absent a month attending to my duties.

Yours sincerely,  
JOE TURNER.  
JACKSON, MISS., Oct. 25, 1886.

### A Pic-nic under Gas Light.

There will be a "Pic-nic under Gas light" in the Sunday School Room of St. Ann's Church, on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 7th, at 7:30. Admission for Gentlemen, 10 cents. Ladies will be admitted on the presentation of a package of eatables; such as cakes pie, sandwiches, fruit, etc. More than one package from a lady will be gladly accepted, but one will secure her admittance. Each lady is expected to have her name plainly marked on her package.

The entertainment will be under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, and as it will be his birthday, he hopes to see a large number of his deaf-mute friends. The proceeds will be for the "Gallaudet Home."

### Western Pennsylvania.

It is definitely understood that next Thanksgiving evening, will witness a party at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Col. Sawhill, in Braddock. Likewise it is said that its object will be to raise funds and send it as a contribution to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. Now, allow us to most highly congratulate Mr. Collins (who takes much interest in the said fund), in his noble bravery for having carried out such a good plan. He was for two years connected with the National Deaf-Mute College, as a student, and left that college several years ago. He is, however, considered to be well educated.

Hallowe'en was a rather disagreeable night, but an appreciative party assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodside, in Wilkinsburg. The time was spent in various innocent games in a most gleeful manner; which they very much enjoyed. Lunch was partaken of in good style, ample justice being done to the inner man. Then, merriment was again enjoyed, and kept up till just before midnight, when the weary but happy party departed in time to catch the "owl" train. Methinks, every one agreed in thinking that it was delightful affair.

Lewis Callahan, of Pittsburgh, Frank Widaman, of Irwin, called at the Edgewood Institution last Sabbath evening, and passed a few hours with their old classmates, Brewster R. Allabough, in chat-chat over the pleasant old-time reminiscences they had when they attended college at Washington City. Bidding good night to Mr. Allabough, they hurried themselves in time to catch the train, and consequently their exhaustion was intense.

Prof. James Balis and bride have gone to house-keeping, and are comfortably located.

Robert Ward, of Buena Vista, Pa., has never been heard from since he left Irwin last May, to resume his old post. Nevertheless, at latest accounts, he is still in the land of the living and doing as well at his trade as can be expected.

John Long, of Arona, came to Irwin on his "Columbia" bicycle to see his friends. He reports his barbering business is pretty brisk.

Frank Widaman, of Irwin, Pa., would like very much to hear from his old classmate, Edward Wilson, soon. He means business.

Miss Tillie Scherger, of New Castle, Pa., who has been the guest of her sister, Miss Christiana Scherger, of Pittsburgh, for some time, has returned home, having expressed herself as being well pleased with her visit.

## Lowell.

The preparations for the coming ball, on the 10th of December, has detained "Hubbie" from sending news to the JOURNAL for many weeks, and now we are pretty nearly through with the preparation, that we feel confident the ball will be the grandest ever held, for we have distributed circulars to all parts of New England, and also received encouragement daily not only from this city, but from all parts of the country. Any one failing to get circulars, or desiring to distribute some to their friends, can obtain some by applying to the Sec'y, Mr. M. J. O'Neil, Room 36, Gladden Block, Lowell, Mass. Lowell leads in contributions toward the Gallaudet Memorial Fund in New England. Over fifty dollars (less about nine dollars expense) has been remitted to Treasurer Weeks since the work begun. Why not the metropolis of New England (Boston) beat Lowell. Like General Putnam, rush out of your house, and offer your services to save the name of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet from being forgotten. Do not wait to be called for by your respective committee, for you cannot expect him to know the whereabouts of every one nor take the trouble of calling every one at a great expense.

The Committee has done to the best of their ability, that they should deserve credit, and shall do so on to the end. It is hoped that every one will help them, regardless of ill feeling toward each other.

Some of the readers will remember having noticed in one of my letters, an account of Mr. William Lawlor, the gateman, of the Boston and Maine Railroad in this city, who saved a deaf and dumb lad and almost lost his own life. His name was remembered since then by the Massachusetts Humane Society, till Friday, when he was rewarded with a gold medal by that Society. On one side of the medal is inscribed as follows: "Reward of merit courage and perseverance," and on the other side is a shield with the name: "Refuge Humane Society of Massachusetts."

Among the visitors to this city, last week, was Mr. Jessie H. Baker, of Manchester, N. H. He spoke highly of our ball.

"Hubbie" wishes to extend his heartfelt condolence to "Mayflower" on the bereavement of his family by the death of his sister.

HUBBIE.

### Justice to Alexander Houghton.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Nov. 1, 1886.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have known Mr. Alexander Houghton, a deaf-mute, for nearly a year, and during that time he has borne the reputation of an honest, upright gentleman, industriously attending to his personal affairs, improving his real estate, of which he owns several thousands worth, and otherwise conducting himself as a Christian citizen, deserving of every confidence and respect.

THOMAS WIDD,  
Late Principal of the Mackay Institution.

## Notice.

The Rev. Anson T. Colt, being on a visit to his relatives in Albany, has been asked by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet to conduct sign-services on Sunday, November 14th, in the Parish-Building of St. Paul's Church, Albany (entrance on Jay St.), at 10:30 a.m., and in the Guild-room of St. Paul's Church, Troy, at 3 p.m.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to conduct sign-services in Trinity Chapel, Newark, at 11 a.m., and in St. Ann's Church, New York at 2:45 p.m., on Sunday, November 14th.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1886.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

MANY years ago, when Horace Greeley ruled supreme in the office of the New York Tribune, he found occasion write something concerning New York the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. He commended its design and aim in the education of its pupils. He said that it was the model institution of learning in this State, because it not only imparted a good school education but gave instruction in useful trades also. Since the founder of the Tribune made the above comment, there have been many changes in the curriculum of our schools and colleges, some of them, notably the College of the City of New York and Cornell University, the Worcester Free Institute, and the Hampton Institute, give technical and practical instruction in the mechanic arts. What they are doing, and what the Institutions for the deaf and dumb have been doing for many years, seems now about to be imitated and enlarged upon in the common schools of this city. The newspapers and periodicals regularly contain articles urging the need of a more practical education, and their activity in the matter is bringing forth fruit. The old plan of educating children is gradually passing away, and a new system, including industrial education, will soon take its place. The Century Magazine for November contains an excellent article entitled, "The Need of Trade Schools," from which we quote the following:

"Education is in a transition state. Systems that have come down to us from past ages are found incapable of meeting the wants of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Especially is this the case in the way in which the young are taught how to work. What scientific schools are to the engineer and architect, what the law school and the medical college are to the lawyer and the physician, or what the business college is to the clerk, the trade school must be to the future mechanic. Manual instruction in schools especially designed for the purpose is not a new thing. Its rapid development in modern times is due less to the decay of the apprenticeship system than to the discovery that without such instruction the trades themselves were deteriorating. Transmitting the handicraft from man to boy carries with it wrong as well as right ideas. The practice of a trade may be taught; the theory on which that practice is based may be forgotten. The tendency of all shops is to subdivide work. A boy learns how to do one thing, and is kept at it. He has no chance to learn his work."

Could anything be more true or more to the point than the above? The trade school will promote the welfare of the individual and the wealth of the Nation. The apprenticeship system is nowhere practiced, so that boys nowadays instead of learning a trade, learn only a part of it. Take, for instance, printing. It is not a common occurrence to find a man who understands the trade in all its departments—type-setting, job work, imposition, presswork, etc., and in nearly every trade, this subdivision of work produces unsatisfactory results. Hundreds of men call themselves shoemakers, who can not make a pair of shoes. Some are "lasters," others "heelers," others "finishers," and so on. The trade school is the remedy for all this.

The New York World, on Sunday last, contained the subjoined editorial, under the heading, "Making the Schools Practical."

"Wendell Phillips once condemned the public schools of Boston for not teaching the pupils anything that the world will give them a living for knowing." The criticism still holds good of most of the public schools in the country. They not only teach the children nothing that the world will give them a living for knowing or doing, but they do not, save in a few cases, teach them anything which will help them to get, without further fundamental education, the self-supporting knowledge or skill.

"All the friends of a more practical pri-

mary training for the young will commend the action of the Committee on Technical Education in asking of the Board of Estimate an appropriation of \$50,000 with which to begin the work of introducing industrial training in the public schools of this city. It is proposed to secure steam power for a single room in some of the school buildings and establish a voluntary 'elective' course in the use of ordinary tools and machinery. The training of the hand, the eye, the judgment and the muscles of the pupils can thus be carried on in connection with the training of the mind. It has been found, in practical experiment, that the boys study better with the pleasant variation of congenial handwork.

"Let New York lead off in the direction of making public-school instruction more practical and better suited to the needs of the great mass of scholars."

It is to the credit of those engaged in teaching the deaf and dumb that they long ago anticipated this valuable addition to the ordinary classroom course. Yet it remains for them to see and judge whether or not all that could and should be done to advance the interests of technical instruction has been properly attended to. Can the present system and facilities for teaching trades be improved upon? In other words, are all the necessary appliances and implements provided, and do those in charge possess the proper qualifications for imparting instruction? There is one sure thing about learning a trade, and that is, if the advantages are meagre and the instructor indifferent concerning the progress of his pupils, they very rarely will be zealous students, and still more rarely become proficient workmen. An active and earnest teacher will have eager and promising pupils, but an indifferent teacher will invariably find his charges are inclined to learn as little and shirk as much as they can. All that is needed to secure success is ample provision and patient and painstaking instructors.

We will conclude with another extract from the Century Magazine, feeling assured that no one will differ with the sentiments it expresses, and trusting that it will lead a helpful influence in forwarding the welfare of the trade schools of the institutions for educating the deaf and dumb.

"The demand for skilled labor all over the United States far exceeds the supply. To such work city-born young men are admirably adapted. They are handy, quick, and generally well educated. They should not only supply the home demand, but the demand which comes from villages that are becoming towns, and towns that in a few years will be cities. A thorough knowledge of a trade often yields its possessor, if he works but two hundred days in the year, an income equal to that received from twenty thousand dollars invested in government bonds. Is this harvest to be reaped by the stranger and the foreigner, or are our own people to have a share?"

## A DEAF MUTE IN A FIGHT.

THREE MEN LAY HIM OUT UNCONSCIOUS—THEY SAY HE BEGAN IT WITH A HAMMER.

John Nokkel, a German deaf-mute, quarrelled with John Decker, the proprietor of a cheap lodging house at 112 Delancey Street, on Friday night about 10, which Decker said was due him for lodging. Nokkel disputed this. Decker declined to be convinced, and Nokkel picked up a hammer to teach him a new wrinkle in the sign language. Nokkel is a blacksmith, and knows how to use a hammer. He used it, so Decker declares, on Decker's forehead. According to Decker's story, the deaf-mute was near murdering him when two other lodgers, William Schmitz and William Dyrech, came to his help. Then trip beat Nokkel until he was unconscious. He was taken to Governor Hospital. Dr. O'Hanlon examined his wounds, and thinking he might die sent for Coroner Messemmer. Nokkel became conscious yesterday, and held a digital conversation with Dr. O'Hanlon, who understands the sign language. He said he did not think he was going to die, and the Doctor concurred in his opinion. In fact, Nokkel will be able to appear against his assailants next week. They were held at the Essex Market Police Court yesterday to await the result of his injuries.—N. Y. Sun.

## Brooklyn is proud of her.

It is said that once Miss Lizzie Gardner, of Brooklyn, jumped on a table, when an innocent little mouse appeared near her, but when it comes to real danger it is different.

Last Tuesday, some clothes caught fire and while the other ladies of the family stood around and screamed, Miss Gardner seized the burning clothes and in the midst of what appeared a pillar of flame threw them out of doors. A passing man helped her to stamp them out, and when all danger was past she found her heart was beating like the booming of the great Fort Hamilton on Liberty Day. Though she did not faint, the shock was so great as to prostrate her for several days. All who saw this incident agree, that but for her presence of mind the house would have been burned down, and it is a miracle that she escaped injury. Brooklyn is proud of her.

## Shot by Mistake for a Thief.

William Jones, a deaf-mute boarder, at 211 Seventeenth Street. Late last night, in passing through the hall to a closet, he made a noise which awakened the ladies in the house. They aroused a gentleman who was sleeping in a room near them and told him a thief was in the house. He took his revolver and proceeded in the direction of the noise. He found the supposed robber in the closet and commanded him to come out, but received no answer. He called again, and still no answer. He then fired a shot into the closet, and the peculiar noise made by the man told him he had been sadly mistaken and had shot the mute. Fortunately the wound, though very painful, is not serious, the ball having taken effect in the knee.—Birmingham (Ala.) Daily Age.

## The Deaf-Mute School.

The seventy-nine schools for the education of the deaf throughout the United States and Canada have recognized the Evansville Deaf-Mute School at the corner of Seventh and Vine Streets, and have begun to send their weekly newspapers, magazines and reports to our school free of charge. The valuable periodicals are especially prepared for the silent children, in consequence of which the literature will be of great use to our school.—Evansville, Ind., Courier.

# ITEMIZER. COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## News From Every State in the Union.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

There are nearly one hundred pupils at the Alabama Institution.

Mr. John J. Bedford has had his forefinger poisoned. It is in a bad condition.

F. S. Crossman, of Springfield, Mass., says this reported marriage is a false rumor.

Joseph B. Bixler is working in the printing office in Elkhart, Indiana.

The Rev. John Chamberlain is visiting relatives and friends in Vermont and regaining his health.

Miss Annie Fahey and her sister, of Pittsfield, Mass., will leave that town for good next December.

Miss Winnie Larkin, of Fitchburg, Mass., a deaf-mute, 18 years old, died of a nerve trouble very suddenly, a short time ago.

Matthew Cheevers, of Pittsfield, Mass., is thinking of making a visit to friends of Troy and Albany in two or three weeks.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., would like to know the address of Mrs. Ella Saunders, as she expects to go and see her, if she can.

William H. White, of Pittsfield, Mass., expects to make a great trip to New York City, New Jersey, Newark, and other cities, at the close of the present month.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., attended the wedding celebration of her Aunt Mrs. Belle Paine, on the 29th of October last, and had an enjoyable time.

Wm. F. Coglian, of Fitchburg, Mass., shot a hedgehog and a coon in the woods, North of Princeton, Mass., this week. They were on exhibition in Fitchburg.

Miss Maria Mims, of Prattville, Ala., spent several days with Miss Cornelia Cardinal in Montgomery, Ala. Both were educated at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution.

Andrew V. Huth, who left Philadelphia last summer, where he attended school, is slinging type on the Daily Tribune at Beaver Falls. He is making daily trip on the train from home to his work.

Mr. Patrick Connolly, of Beaver Falls, Pa., and a few of his townsmen attended the Democratic rally at New Castle, Pa., Friday evening, October 29th. The boys got home at an early hour the next morning.

There are five deaf-mutes in Birmingham, Ala. Two of them are stone cutters, who went to the Georgia Institution. Their wages are from \$3.00 to \$3.50 per day. Good stone cutters are in demand in Birmingham at all times.

Mr. J. A. Hoge, of the Alabama Institution, was recently offered fifty-two hundred dollars for his real estate in Birmingham, Ala.; that he paid sixteen hundred dollars for three years ago. The offer, though tempting, was promptly declined.

Julius F. Lang of the Lynn Cycle Club was to start at 3 o'clock this afternoon, on a 24-hour ride on the cycle track, for the purpose of testing his power of endurance, and to see what distance he can cover in that time.—Daily Bee, Lynn, Mass., Nov. 5.

The Rochester Daily Argus of July 13th, in speaking of Andrew V. Huth, of Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa., has the following clipping:—We received a pleasant call to-day from Andy Huth, who has been attending the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He carries with him a prize in the shape of a nickel-plated composing stick, awarded him for the fastest composition in his class. As Andy learned his trade here, the Argus feels no little pride in his honors.

On Monday evening, a pleasant surprise was given to Miss Amelia Kleischner, of 700 William Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and an enjoyable evening was spent. Refreshments were served, and dancing was kept up until midnight. Among those present were Miss Julia Pontic, Miss Annie Arr, Mr. Louis Reinbold, of Tonawanda, N. Y., Miss Maggie Zehnder, Miss Agnes Papineau, Miss Julia Miller, Miss Jennie Frenn, Mr. Jacob Staflinger, Mr. Patrick Gough, Mr. Charles Freund, Mr. Randolph F. Gallaudet, Mr. Harry Gerkins, Mr. Louis Subbach, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Staflinger, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Giardin, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lutz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rosewitz. They were all deaf gentlemen and ladies.

The readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be remembered that a party of deaf-mutes accompanied by the catenonant, near Pittsfield, N. H., where the convention of the Deaf and Dumb Mission was held lately. Mr. Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., made a little speech to the party, saying that Mr. W. A. Dearing, of Pittsfield, N. H., was the Muse who brought the party from "Egypt to Canaan," this writer then told them that they arrived at "Canaan" only to find rocks on the mount instead of delicious grapes. Then Mr. W. E. White, of Bennington, N. H., told them that they would go to Mr. Watson, a farmer in Pittsfield, for grapes and pears. Mr. and Mrs. Dearing and Mr. and Mrs. Swett were soon loitering down where Mr. Watson lives in hope of eating some grapes, when Mrs. W. beckoned them to come in her house and treated them to some fruits, which they enjoyed well. Is this not a singular coincidence?

## Death.

QUEEN.—At his residence, in Quaker Street, N. Y., October 30th, 1886, of Gastric fever, Isaac G. Quinby, in the 61st year of his age.

The following was written by Mr. Valentine B. Bradshaw to his memory: "On Saturday morning, the news came to our ears that the messenger of death had entered our village, and taken from our midst Mr. Isaac G. Quinby, aged 61 years. The funeral services were held at the house, on Monday last, by the friends of which he was a member. Mr. Quinby was a man who was loved and respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife, two daughters and many friends to mourn his loss. He was a good temperance man."

## FOOT BALL.

### KENDALLS vs HOPKINS.

## Gleanings.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

During the past week, foot-ball has absorbed the interest of the students to the exclusion of almost everything else. On Thursday, a practice game was played with the Howard University team. Almost from the beginning it was evident that the Howards were no match for the Kendalls, and as a result the latter played rather more carelessly than they might have done, but at the end of the game they had scored two goals, two touch-downs and one safety touch-down, making a total of twenty-two points to the Howards' nothing. The Howards appeared to be made of good stuff and to possess plenty of grit, but they seemed rather deficient in training and not accustomed to acting in concert.

On Friday afternoon, a practice game was played with the Washington High School team. Though it was soon clear that the Kendalls was the stronger team during the first part of the game, under the impression that they were scoring a magnificent series of safety touch-downs, they amused themselves by kicking the ball over their opponents' goal line, where, of course, it was touched down and kicked out again—a considerable advantage to the High School team. Recognizing their error, the Kendalls, in the last part of the game, changed their tactics, and three touch-downs in goal, yielding twelve points, were made in quick succession, all three by Leitner. At the close of the game, the score stood twelve to naught in favor of the Kendalls.

But the game with the Johns Hopkins University team, was the event of the week which threw all others in the shade. The Hopkins team came over from Baltimore at noon, and took dinner with the students. The game was begun at 2:30, on account of the threatening weather. A Hopkins referee, whose name we did not catch, had been brought along as referee. The Hopkins won the kick-off, and a long series of scrimmages followed, the ball each time getting nearer to the Kendalls' goal, and it was finally touched down inside our goal line. This yielded an unsuccessful try at goal for the Hopkins. Just then rain began to fall, but the game went on, and very few of the spectators left the ground. Some fifteen minutes of hard playing followed, and finally the ball was touched down in field by the Hopkins. It was passed back to Dashiell, who punted it forward. Before any of the Kendalls could touch it, Courtney, of the Hopkins, seized it and running to our goal touched it down. None of our men attempted to interfere with him, as they knew that he was off side, since the ball had been touched last by one of his own side behind him. Imagine the surprise of the Kendalls, when the referee declared the play fair, and as the decisions of the referee are final, they had no help for it. The try at goal which this touch-down gained for the Hopkins was again unsuccessful. The play went on harder than ever. Bush of the Kendalls, managing to get within a few feet of the Hopkins' goal before he was compelled to down the ball. Finally Robinson of the Hopkins, managed to break through our rush line and doing the half back and back to touch down the ball within our goal line. The resulting try at goal was unsuccessful. Here the first half of the game was called, and two sides changed goals. The Kendalls were now on their mettle, and pressed the Hopkins, closely, keeping the play for the most part at the Hopkins' end of the field. The ball was touched by one of the Hopkins men but he failed to down it, and it was touched down by the Kendalls. The referee, however, would not permit them to score for this play, and as the rain was pouring, the game was ended by mutual consent of the captains. The three touch-downs in goal made by the Hopkins yielded them twelve points to the Kendalls' nothing. Following are the names and positions of the players:

HOPKINS.	POSITION.	KENDALLS.
Willoughby,	Back	Hem-tremt.
Handall,	Half Back	Marsh.
Contee,	Quarterback	Clark.
Dashiell,	Quarterback	Leitner.
Tabor,	Quarterback	James.
Tarleton,	Quarterback	Bush.
Gildersleeve,	Quarterback	Long.
Fearn,	Quarterback	Hagerty.
Courtney,	Forwards	Harsh.
Loeb,	Forwards	Round.
Robinson,	Forwards	Berrett.

All through the game the Kendalls were obliged to submit to the Hopkins' interpretation of the rules of play. We have always been unfortunate in our matches with the Johns Hopkins team in being obliged to accept the referee chosen by them, and this referee has always been a student of the University rather than a man having no connection with either of the opposing teams. The Hopkins men distinguished themselves in Saturday's game by a reckless disregard of the rules in regard to "off-side" and

tackling. In scrimmages they frequently held down a Kendall man by main force long after they were thrown off side by the passage of the ball ahead of them. They were also frequent sinners against the rule prohibiting interference with players who were running with the ball. The general feeling here is that the play by which they gained the second touch-down in goal was unfair, and therefore, ought not to count, and the score ought to stand eight to nothing in favor of the Hopkins. The Kendalls played a splendid game, quite eclipsing their performances of last year, and what is better, played fairly. We feel quite sure that if we could have had two weeks more practice, the Hopkins would not have carried off the victory quite so easily. As it is, every one is anxious for another game with them. Only one man was seriously hurt in the game, and he was a Hopkins man. He managed to sprain his ankle and was transported from the field in a wheelbarrow, and not, as that truly amusing young man in Baltimore suggested, in a van.

A marble tablet to the memory of Edward Stretch, a deceased student of the College from Indiana, has been placed in the corridor leading from the College building to the chapel. The memorial was erected by the Indiana mutes, and the inscription is as follows:

## EDWARD STRETCH.

CHIEF 1874.

"It will take away half the bitterness of death to have been permitted to learn something."

The sentence on the tablet is an extract from a letter written by him while in college to his sister.

## GLEANINGS.

"'Tis in the northern gale The summer's tresses from the trees are gone, The woods of Autumn all around our vale Have put their glory on."

Hugh Bush, '90, returned on Friday from home, where he had summoned by the death of his mother.

One of our Ducks, while on a street crossing in the city, more interested in the faces of the pretty women, who thronged the street than in his own safety, was run against by a carriage and violently thrown down on the asphalt pavement. He was nowise injured, and this is easily explained by the fact that he is snap back of our second foot-ball team, and used to that sort of treatment.

Rev. Job Turner visited the Institution last Friday morning.

The Kendall School foot-ball team defeated the second eleven of the Washington High School on Tuesday, by a score of twelve to nothing.

The following clipping from the Chicago Tribune will explain itself:

The October meeting of the Western Association of Collegiate Alumni was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The association committed itself to the work of securing a permanent fund for the establishment of a fellowship in some one of the colleges open to women. Efforts are being made to adopt the co-educational system in the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington.

Mr. Keisel preached the Sunday afternoon sermon from the text, "Whatsoever a man shall sow, that shall he also reap." October 8, 1886.

VAN.

## New England and the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

MR. EDITOR:—Since last report the collection prospects seem to be brighter, and I am receiving sums of money weekly.

### FROM CHELSEA, MASS.

Collectors.	Amount.
Henry Acheson,	\$2.00
William Randolph,	1.00
De Laite,	1.00
F. W. Bigelow,	1.00
Expenses,	5.00
	40

(Reported by F. W. Bigelow, Chelsea, Committee for Mass., from Nashua, N. H.)

E. H. French,	3.00
Frank Dearing,	2.00
V. B. Wright,	2.00
Frank P. Budgett,	7.00
	\$15.00

(Reported by E. H. French, State Committee for N. H.)

Connecticut is booming, and a report will be forthcoming soon. New Haven mutes fall back for some cause or other.

Who will volunteer to aid me in the collection of more money? Let Connecticut take the front rank, because of her school for the instruction of the deaf.

WM. H. WEEKS,

Treasurer, N. E. G. C. M. E.

## HARTFORD SCHOOL NOTES.

It is not often that two Governors meet on the occasion of a school visit, but it so occurred.

Advice was received from Boston that it was the intention of Governor Robinson and his council to pay a visit to the American Asylum on the 21st inst. Accordingly, about noon, Governor Harrison, of Connecticut, met the Massachusetts visitors and they were escorted to the American Asylum. After taking lunch, all were seated in the chapel where the exhibition was to take place.

The exhibition was soon in order, and the scholars showed how much they had acquired in the short term allotted to them by the different states in New England. The shops were next visited, where the boys showed their proficiency in a good degree, and that is but the first step to industries. Not all of the pupils, when they graduate, are expected to pursue the same trades that they were taught.

They generally go in different channels; but the early teaching of

trades gives them a stimulus for pursuits. The visitors left, feeling well paid for their coming.

A few days ago it was remarked in connection with the School that, on the third floor may be found the deaf, the dumb, the blind, (deaf and blind) the halt, the maimed and the feeble minded.

The articulation department has been enlarged, and three teachers are employed.

## A Wedding Reception.

The marriage of Ira H. Derby and Miss Mary L. Bosworth was solemnized by Dr. T. Gallaudet at his rectory in New York City, Sept. 29th, 1886. Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers being present as witnesses. Mr. and Mrs. Derby returned home on the 16th of October, after staying a week in New York, another week in Bridgeport, Hartford, Ct. and Springfield, Mass.

On the evening of October 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Derby held a reception at the residence of the groom's mother, fifty guests being present, fifteen of whom were deaf-mutes. The stormy weather prevented many from attending.

Sandwiches, coffee, three kinds of ice cream, nuts, and confectionery were served in abundance, and all did justice to the bountiful repast. Following is a list of presents:

- A silver casket from Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers.
- A silver cake basket from Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Bass.
- Two silver napkin rings from Lillie L. Bass.
- Six silver knives from Mr. and Mrs. Q. A. T. Bell.
- A fruit knives from Mr. and Mrs. John Bowden.
- Two silver oyster spoons from Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Sibley.
- Two silver oyster spoons—Mr. and Mrs. B. Whitman.
- A silver butter knife—Fred. Wood, of Boston.
- A silver butter knife—Wilson and Warren Tirell.
- A little silver casket with two bottles—Samuel Cross.
- A little silver casket with three bottles—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tower.
- Two fancy statuettes, and Plush Mirror and Broom Holder—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pond, of New York City.
- A handkerchief—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis.
- A large gilt framed picture—Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph, of Boston.
- Six painted plates—Mr. and Mrs. F. Davis, of Boston.
- Two large vases—Alice Leonard.
- A large rug mat—Daniel Shek.
- A yellow odd vase—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pratt.
- A yellow fancy flower jar—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas.
- A dark fancy vase—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw.
- A dark fancy vase—Mr. and Mrs. Simon Doane.
- Two linen damask towels—Mrs. Eliza Smith and Mrs. Alice Doane.
- A linen damask towel—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dorby.
- A blue glass dish with cover—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Doane.
- A handkerchief with six tumbler on brass hammered plate—Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Fearing.
- Two packages of a note paper—Anton Wells.
- An embroidered panel—Kate Miller.
- A glass watermelon dish—Nella Hawley.
- A glass watermelon dish—Mr. and Mrs. J. Doane.
- A tidy—Mrs. Z. Paine.
- A glass sauce pitcher with six tumblers on brass—Mrs. Susan Achison.
- A tidy—Mrs. Susan Achison.
- Two standing bottles—Ollie Reese.
- A glass pitcher—Mrs. C. Wise and Mrs. C. Goldsmith.
- A little double bud vase—Mrs. C. Wise, of Boston.
- A fancy china dish—Mr. C. Goldsmith.
- A linen embroidered table mat—Miss Caroline Summer.
- A glass pitcher—John Shea.
- A white cream pitcher—Mr. and Mrs. B. G. White.
- A painted by hand enamel by Fannie Tirell.
- A peach flower vase—Miss Carrie Bosworth, of Worcester.

## NORTH CAROLINA ITEMS.

Miss Lizzie B. Turlington, a semi-maid lady of Wilmington, N. C., who was chosen the matron of the deaf and dumb pupils by the Board of Trustees, makes an excellent officer and does her best, like a sweet bee. There is comfort and joy among the pupils, as the matron takes care of them.

Mr. Walter L. Bingham, of Bingham School, N. C., is at home, and enjoys his home-life so much that he can hardly come to see us. It is rumored again that he is going to the land of flowers for health this fall. Is this rumor groundless?

Mr. Richard P. Banning, who left the N. C. Inst. for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind last year, and worked under Mr. Walter L. Bingham at Bingham School, N. C., is now in Jacksonville, Fla., looking for work. He went there for health, as I heard.

It is rumored that Mr. Tom Penn, being out of employment in this state, was going to Mississippi to get some work. Please let me know what you are doing when you get to Mississippi.

On Monday, 26th inst., Mr. John W. Slough, a handsome gentleman of Harrisburg, N. C., went to the State fair at Raleigh, N. C., and returned home Sunday, after a pleasant visit to his old school-fellows. Next winter he will go down to the peninsula of Florida, and work under Mr. John C. Miller in orange grove business.

Mr. John C. Miller, a fine gentleman of Raleigh, N. C., went to the State fair last Wednesday, and after two days' visit came back home. He will go to the land of flowers and enjoy better health.

Misses Maggie Fraley and Ida Campbell, of Durham, N. C., went by excursion train to see the State fair last Thursday, and returned to work in the tobacco factory of Duke & Sons. I do not know how much they get for their work, but they are getting along well there.

Messrs. Robert Lee Julian and W. Harlow Taylor went to the State fair last Thursday, and to day the latter disappeared from Raleigh, N. C. The former is a common shoemaker and is disliked by some of his acquaintances. He should have changed his heart for the better, one and he will live happily on earth and in the spiritual world to come.

Time is getting hard in this pleasant state, and some of its inhabitants move to the south where they become rich. Poor North Carolina! I am tired of it and I love Florida dearly. Perhaps

I will never come back to the Old North State again. Who will go with me to the south.

QUEEN BEE.

October 30, 1886.

## From the South.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I avail myself of a few moments' leisure to address you this letter, to let you know that I am now back in Memphis, en route to old Virginia, for which state I shall start, to-night.

A gentleman, this afternoon, told me that a mute was being tried in this city. I asked him of what the mute was accused, and he wrote on a piece of paper: "He attempted to murder."

Some time ago, I went to the Appeal Office, and found Mr. Merath all right. He was educated at the Tennessee School.

Taking leave of him, I proceeded to see Mr. Carter, a deaf-mute cooper, but he was out walking.

I next came across a young gentleman, and he used the double handed alphabet before me.

A few minutes afterwards, I met another young gentleman, who mastered our alphabet well and fast, as we do. He made me understand that he learned it from a deaf and dumb printer, whose name he did not mention to me.

Prof. Bell of telephone fame can understand the single and double manual alphabets quickly.

Now that I meet with a good many persons in the South, who talk with two hands, I am obliged to adopt the double alphabet in connection with ours.



# NEW YORK.

## Election Day.

### THE GALLAUDET CLUB ROOM.

#### Here and Roundabout.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

It was our good fortune, though "Snooks," we presume, will have to take the consequences (it being a rule of the Club that no resident mute, not a member, shall be admitted to the Club room) to enjoy a visit to the new quarters of that high-toned organization, and altogether the impression produced was a very pleasant one, and may be an inducement to our becoming initiated in the near future. The new room is in the same building as was the old quarters, and from what was seen, and the talk of the members, is a great improvement on the latter.

The committee on furnishing and improving the room, Messrs. Souweire, Super and Guggenheimer, did their work admirably, their taste being very well adapted to the requirements of just what was necessary. The fixings and drapery, though not extravagant, are still rich and very appropriate. On the walls are to be seen the groups of the St. Louis and Pas-a-Pas Club, encased in neat frames, while the Club's photograph, as also the group taken on the excursion, are similarly encased. The furniture is of the Eastlake pattern, with the exception of the secretary's desk and tables, which are of mahogany. The curtains are of a dark brown, while that separating the committee's room from the club room is of a dark red. A handsome chandelier hangs from the ceiling, while on the tables are to be found copies of many of the monthly periodicals and other magazines of interest. From the windows is to be had a view of one of the busiest parts of Broadway and the location is all that could be desired.

Artist Tresch has in hand the sketching of the famous picture of "Christ before Pilate," which will appear in the *N. Y. Star* when the original has been on exhibition in this country. It is expected to be open to the inspection of the public about the 17th of this month, and is a magnificent and life-like piece of art.

"Are you going to the ball?" is now heard on every side, and the prospects for the first to seem come to be that it will lead to a season of great gaiety until Lent brings in her cry "That's enough."

The meeting of the High Class Alumni, which was stated in last week's issue would take place Monday evening, November 8th, did not come off, as the place of meeting was closed tight, but one solitary individual, Mr. Peter Witschick made his appearance up to 8:30. Verily the High Class graduates are enthusiasts over an Alumni Association.

Two new candidates are up for admission, and the prospects of the club, as also the Ball on the 10th inst., are exceedingly bright.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union held its regular monthly meeting last Thursday, which was attended by most all the members. The business in hand was of a private nature, consisting of reports of committees, and the prospects for the Fifth Annual Reception are all that could be desired.

In the revision of the Constitution and By Laws, a great improvement is expected in the affairs of the union, and with a President like James Russell, the outlook was never better for the Union's welfare.

The services at St. Ann's, Sunday, were conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and the attendance, despite the cold, was up to the usual standard on a clear day.

At St. Francis Xavier's, about thirty ladies and gentlemen watched with interest the discourse of Rev. Father Freeman. It is proposed by the young ladies attached to the Sunday-School, to give a social gathering on Thanksgiving eve, and the duties of getting up the programme rests with Miss Nellie Power.

From Saturday's *Herald* is gleaned the fact that one of the Hanneman brothers lost an eye from an assault made upon him by parties, in a resort down-town, and his life is at present despaired of. Another report says, the mute's name is John Knochel.

The three-cornered pocket-book, which is credited as the invention of Mr. John Herman, of Buffalo, made its appearance among a group of mutes a few weeks ago. Mr. James P. Donohue, after a few trials, struck the key and opened it, pocketing for his ingenuity a fifty-cent piece.

Mr. Clement Thomson received two weeks ago \$100 from Hamilton Fish, and last week, an additional \$300 from Mrs. Van Buren, bringing the total he has collected for the Mortgage Fund of the Home up to \$920, which reflects the highest credit on his tireless efforts in behalf of that object.

Miss Katie Shutte mourns the loss of her beloved father, who died at an advanced age, two weeks ago. He was a descendant of the old Knickerbocker family, and well known in this city and Brooklyn.

Visits to the American Institute exhibition are being made daily by parties who have taken advantage of the Guild's offer of tickets at reduced rates. A large party is expected to be present next Saturday evening.

George Lucas Reynolds and the "Poet" Le Clercq, made a journey by the Brooklyn "L" road after service

at St. Ann's last Sunday, bound for the Austin homestead in Brooklyn.

Tom Brown has given up the idea, for the present of going West, owing to the illness of his mother.

Salesman Thomas, despite the fact that he has been a resident of the metropolis for more than a year, betook himself to Catskill to cast his vote for the chief constable of that town on Election day.

Miss Lizzie Gardiner entertained a party of friends at her home, last Sunday evening, and was assisted in her duties by the redoubtable Jim Donnelly, who played "Sweet Violet," on the piano, in such a key as to make the visitors wish he was a violet they could pick, step on, and crush to smithereens.

If the rumor is to be relied on, the St. Joseph's Union ball bids fair to outshine the two preceding. But every body is aware, the talk of "Uncle" Jim can be had at a discount.

Solomon Schlamm, Solomon Schlamm, came to this city from "Frisco," He is anxious to become a New-York man, If he succeeds as a Knight of the Shovel, O.K.

And the originator of this poetic effusion on Solomon Schlamm requested his name to be omitted, as he handed it to us for the *JOURNAL*.

A little more has leaked out from those posted, and who though dumb are not tongue-tied, that there will be a debate between Philadelphia and New York representatives on the third of December.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

## KENTUCKY.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—There are one hundred and thirty-two white and twenty colored pupils at both substitutes, and they are in a flourishing condition. The Board will meet soon and appoint a teacher for the colored Irish. From the start to the present time, Mr. M. T. Long has been the only teacher in that department. The appointment of an assistant will greatly relieve him.

There has been quite a change made in the different departments since school opened. Miss Jennie Lee, who has been a favorite teacher here, resigned and accepted a position as such in the Colorado Institution. Her place here was filled by the appointment of Miss Emma Wilson from Missouri. Miss Wilson had some experience with the sign language, having received private instruction here several years ago. Capt. A. Stiles, for several years foreman of the Carpenter Shop suddenly took the notion to follow old Horace Greeley's device, "Go West young man, and grow up with the country," and left us. He is at present somewhere near Dodge City, Kansas. His place as foreman of the shop, was filled by the reappointment of Mr. W. C. Collings, the big hearted, clever foreman of former years.

The matrimonial fever has broke out in this city, and is of a very contagious nature. Our genial superintendent was the first one to fall a happy victim, and on the 7th of October was married, at the residence of the bride's grandfather, Mr. Givens, to Miss Belle Cherenault, daughter of the well-known Prof. Cherenault, of Louisville, Ky. The officers, pupils, and all are highly gratified at the choice Mr. Argo has made. Being very sociable and kind-hearted, all are deeply attached to her. Married, at the Methodist Church, Nicholasville, Ky., on the 27th of last October, by Prof. G. T. Schofield, in the presence of a crowded house, Prof. George M. McClure, and Miss Carrie, daughter of Dr. F. M. Jasper. For several weeks past we have suspected something wrong with our boy, George, but we never thought that the idea of his going to marry such a lovely lady weighed so heavily on him. Prof. McClure and bride are both semi-mutes. Prof. Schofield, being a mute, performed the ceremony entirely by signs, which was interpreted by Superintendent Argo for the hearing crowd. Immediately after marriage, Mr. McClure and bride were driven to Lexington, Ky., where they took the train for the residence of the groom's mother. They returned here last Thursday, and are at present receiving congratulations from a large circle of friends. Who next?

During the past vacation and up to the present time, through the strenuous efforts of Prof. Schofield, as State agent of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, the nice little sum of one hundred and seventeen dollars and forty-eight cents has been raised, and more local agents to hear from. This sum, no doubt, will greatly assist in pushing the memorial to completion, and that in haste too. Dm.

## RICHMOND, VA.

Eddie G. Ball is not employed in the City Railway as harness-maker at present. The writer called on Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Jones and Miss Ethel Blankenship in Petersburg, Va., Sunday, of last week. The mutes of this city had a chance to see President Cleveland in the State Fair Grounds in this city on the 21st of last month. But they were unable to shake hands with him, on account of the crowd being around him. While in Petersburg, the writer found himself highly pleased to hear that Arthur Tucker, who took J. Danlop Baker's place in the Petersburg *Index-Appeal*, is an excellent printer. Mr. Baker is at present attending school at the Columbia Institution.

Emma Galloway, of this city, lost her father by death last Wednesday. She has our deepest sympathy.

The mutes of this city have lost one of their best and dearest deaf-mute friends in the death of F. H. Craddock, which occurred last night. Mr. Crad-

dock died from the effects of the burning he received at his shop yesterday morning. He was forty-two years old at the time of his death. The funeral took place this afternoon. J. H. H.

November 7, 1886.

## A Fine Painting and a Fine Wedding.

Last August, in the studio of a West Side Chicago artist, I saw a picture of a brace of game, painted by a deaf-mute of Florence, Italy, named J. Costa. Each part of the picture, even to the color of each feather, the fur on every limb, and even the grain and knots of the table that served as back-ground, was done with such exactness that my two companions, who are themselves artists—one being Art teacher in a prominent college, and the other having received prizes for paintings at different times, were as much impressed with the perfectness of the work as I was, and pronounced it, "a true work of art."

When it was time to leave the room, I turned from the picture with reluctance and regret that I would probably never again see it. Whether the mute who painted it is young or old, liberally or poorly educated in language, I wondered, but all the artist, who has the honor to possess the artistic treasure, could tell us, was the three facts above stated—that he is a deaf-mute, his name is Costa, his home is in Florence. If he is a young man, art patrons may safely hope for other fine pictures from his pencils hereafter.

Do any of the readers of the *JOURNAL* know Mr. Costa, and whether or not he has other paintings on exhibition in America?

In September, one of the friends who was with me when I saw that painting, upon coming home from a shopping call at a millinery store in Geneva, Ill., said to me, "I just now saw some fine paintings on satin done by your mute friend, Ida Neilson, you must see them before you leave us."

Later, I did see these paintings,—about twenty in number—representing roses of various sizes and colors, white water lilies, forget-me-nots, and other flowers that are universal favorites. Three of the smallest pieces, one representing a dark red rose, another a cluster of bachelor's buttons, and the third, one-eye daisies,—a flower which grows in great profusion around Geneva, I bought as a souvenir of my nine months' sojourn in that fine little city, and a reminder of the modest girl artist, who is this year finishing her course at the Illinois Deaf and Dumb Institution, with the expectation of graduating at the close of this term.

When my sister, Mrs. Hardin, saw my selections, she was so much interested that she soon called at the store to examine the remaining lot. A delicate cluster of wild roses was her purchase. Having seen a number of other paintings done by Miss Neilson, I feel sure she will not give up painting when she leaves school, but will continue to produce pictures very creditable to that Institution, which was one of the first to introduce the Art Department as a part of its educational course.

That the experiment was an eminently wise one has been proven by the fine portraits, and various other forms of painting produced by the graduates, prominent among whom are Nellie Patten, now Assistant Art teacher, John M. Stout, Annie J. Wickton, now Mrs. Geo. T. Dougherty, of St. Louis, Mr. Thomas Reagers, now a teacher of penmanship, Mamie Peek, Mr. E. C. Campbell, now of Colorado Springs Institution, and Lillie Fisher, who, a few months ago, became his wife. The *Deaf-Mute Advance*, of October 23d, contained the following suggestive item:

Mrs. E. C. Campbell, of the Colorado Institution, had a number of sketches in both oil and water colors, at the fair in Paris, Ill., on which she got all the first premiums—cash prizes amounting to \$35. The wedding, of which I hinted in my title, occurred Wednesday evening, September 22d, the noted couple being Mr. John Kill, a hearing man, and Miss Lottie A. Preston, a graduate of the Michigan Institution, at Flint. They were married at the home of his parents in Englewood, Ill., by Rev. F. A. Hardin, father of my brother-in-law, Rev. F. B. Hardin. A large company of hearing friends were present, but no deaf-mutes. The refreshments were luxuries and in bountiful quantity. The minister telling us of the wedding the next morning said, "I have not for a long time attended a wedding where everything was in such perfect harmony and the presents so numerous and valuable." His wife, who was also present, corroborated his account of the entire pleasantness of the occasion with the additional testimony: "The bride was dressed uncommonly neat." The marriage service was interpreted to the lady by her niece, who is an adept at finger talking. The young people propose to begin housekeeping shortly. As they grew up together, it is probably they will prove entirely compatible companions. We sincerely hope they will be prospered, and though, late offer our congratulations, in case the *JOURNAL* finds its way into their cottage.

The edition of my poems, "The Venture," has been growing smaller every month. Ere long the entire heavy burden will be off my mind, then I can resume my interest in deaf-mute projects. Those friends who bought the books, especially those who took several copies to give away as Christmas, holiday, and wedding presents, or as a prize, have cheered me very considerably. Each one will be remembered with earnest wishes that success will attend every honorable venture they

may made, but I would advise them not to try book-making, unless they are very favorably situated at the outset, for it is on undertaking fraught with hard work as well as risk. If any of the *JOURNAL* readers have been promising themselves that they would "order a copy of 'The Venture' after a while," they had better order now. The few who have been delinquent in sending pay for their copy, will be granted a few more days of grace and then—Perhaps some of these tardy ones have reversed the rule of Dr. Foster, ex-Principal of the Philadelphia Institution, "Never to read a book till I have paid for it," to "Never pay for a book till I have read it," and they spend so much time talking that it takes them a long while to read through even a small book.

Those writers who have objected to Mr. Draper being treasurer of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund because he is not a member of the National Deaf-Mute Association, seem to have overlooked several points that are of full as much importance as membership,—1st, That he is himself deaf, and is greatly interested in the work of deaf-mute education; 2d, He holds his position in the National Deaf Mute College by the clemency of the son of a man in whose honor the monument is to be erected; consequently he cannot afford to be dishonest, or in any way false to the trust reposed in him.

These facts being supported by the public proof he has already given of zeal and conscientiousness, ought to be so satisfactory to all, that every individual who shares in the blessings accruing from the grand educational work Dr. Gallaudet started here in America, would hasten to contribute whatever sum they feel able to give, so that the interest may be accumulating right along to swell the principal.

While writing the above, it has occurred to me that while we are founding a Gallaudet Memorial, it would be entirely proper to have it so constructed that the names of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and President E. M. Gallaudet, can be sculptured on each side, when they are called to rest from their labors. Thus, these benefactors of the deaf will, in name, if not in person, be perpetuated in the proximity of their relationship, that the national scope of their work sanctions.

As President Gallaudet's work has been mostly done at Washington, he certainly should have a memorial there, yet it is not likely the mutes of this generation will feel able to erect another monument so substantial as this one now progressing, however great may be their appreciation of the two brothers; so we might as well raise enough more to allow of the addition of their names to this memorial whenever it is desirable.

Whoever takes exception to this proposition, I shall nurse the hope that Dr. and President Gallaudet will not, knowing "we all do fade as a leaf," all must die—and venerating their father so highly, they will be proud to have their names coupled with his, by the hands of those who have been so greatly benefited by his labors—of which their own is the supplement—proud also to have their combined memorial in so prominent a situation as our National Capitol.

ANGIE FULLER.

SAVANNA, ILL., NOV. 1, 1886.

## Elmira Penicillings.

Mr. Patrick D. Quinn and his brother have opened a new restaurant in Horse-Heads, where warm meals and cold lunches are served in first class condition, and at all hours. The place is attractive and inviting, and enjoys a large patronage. Patrick, being uneasy when doing nothing, has got work at Turner's Planing Mills in Elmira for a while.

Ajax returned home last week from a three days' visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. Dougherty, in Watkins. During his stay there, on Saturday, he was out on Lake Seneca with Messrs. Dougherty and Andrews, fishing for bass in dark nights. There was rather a cold breeze blowing up the lake, and a brilliant light from the fire that burnt the malt house, illuminated the lake so brilliantly that they could see the hills and houses along the shore. Mr. Andrews, though a well-known devotee of the rod, caught only one bass during four hours' fishing. No use to mourn, there are great abundance of fishes.

This week, Ajax was on business in Oswego, and a guest of Mr. Galena Atkins. He is doing well in the boot factory. He has a wife and three children, and one of them, whose name is Maud (eleven years old), gives much pleasure to her parents by making signs as well as the deaf-mutes.

Mr. Michael Manning, of Oswego, is doing what General Grant once did before he was on the road to fame—tanning leather.

Mr. Alvah Brown is in Oswego, looking very much as he used to in other years, and really he is a little more youthful in appearance, since his whiskers have been shaved off. So successful is he that he can attend to two things at once—cobbling and tonsorial work, in Halsey Valley, thirteen miles from Oswego.

The Jumbo Club, having been idle so long through the Summer season, will open the meeting this month with vigour, to elect officers.

Miss Reidy, of Newburyport, Mass., accompanied by Miss Mary Quinn paid a short visit to Miss Nellie Bennett last month.

Mr. W. Walker is working at Richardson's factory as burnisher.

Mr. Craven, Cochoton, has been married to a fifteen year old girl, who has not yet got through her education in the Western New York Institution. Nov. 1, '96. AJAX.

## BROOKLYN.

It is possible that our friend in New York who some time ago in a communication to the *JOURNAL*, predicted the ultimate downfall of the Brooklyn Society, did so upon the belief that his writings were all powerful, and that he had only to trump up a charge and saddle it upon the Brooklyn Society in order to accomplish his ends, but in this as in many other things he has proven himself in the wrong. Instead of the society rushing along on the down road to destruction, the reverse is the case, five new names having been added to its roll of membership since his charge and insinuations were made, and a number of other mutes have also signified their intention of joining before long.

To say that this "boom" was alone the result of the despicable attempt to injure the Brooklyn Society in order to elevate another association is not strictly true, but this doubtless did its share, supplemented by the admirable tact and good judgment of the society's genial president, Henry L. Jahring, who has so conducted its affairs as to win the approbation of its members. This gentleman is really the first and only president the society has had since its inception. It is true that upon its organization another mute was elected to that office, but he was president only in name, consequently in trying to serve his master he neglected the interest of the society and conducted its affairs in such a stupid and inefficient manner as to nearly ruin it, and only saved himself from impeachment by "resigning." Mr. J. succeeded him as president, and has served in that capacity ever since.

Does not the above prove conclusively that the slanderous remarks and insinuations, which were made concerning the Brooklyn Society, have accomplished exactly what its pseudo friends did not want, and what was done with malicious intent has brought forth only good. If such as tacks continue with similar results, as those we have just mentioned, the Brooklyn Society will be obliged to engage larger quarters, in which to hold its meetings.

Dropping in at the Brooklyn Society's cozy room, somewhat early last Wednesday evening, "Yum Yum" found himself just in time to witness the closing part of an impromptu political debate. The contestants were that brilliant legal luminary William A. Bond, a republican and an ardent admirer of the "plumed knight," and Thomas Godfrey, a democrat of the democrats, and an administration man to the back bone. The arguments advanced were such as have appeared of late in the papers of this city, in regard to the contest for District Attorney. The way they flew back and forth was astonishing, and caused wonder that such small heads could hold all the debators knew about politics.

It seems that the Brooklyn Society is no longer contented to remain in "innocuous desuetude." It is going to have its picture taken. Some of these will be sent to other organizations, and one will be hung on the wall of the society's room, in close proximity to that of the St. Louis Club. By the way, this last mentioned club's picture is a fine one, and has been handsomely framed, and so hung that all visitors to the Brooklyn Society's rooms can see it.

The various associations in this vicinity have from time to time held lectures which have generally been attended by members of the Brooklyn Society, and it is only fair in asking when this organization gives a lecture which promises to be interesting, that the members of other societies, more especially those of the Guild of Silent Workers, and mutes in general, to make an endeavor to be present. On next Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., Mr. Thomas Godfrey will lecture at the Brooklyn Society's room, No. 198 Grand Street, this city, which is expected not only to be well attended by its members with their wives, sweethearts and friends, but also by many mutes of both sexes of this city, New York and Newark, N. J.

Things have come to a pretty pass that while the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm is in great need of means both for its building fund and present support, a handful of mutes, who constitute all that remains of the once powerful and influential Manhattan Literary Association, propose before consigning the all but sweet scented corpse of that organization to the earth, to treat themselves to a "swell supper" at a cost of thirty dollars, to be paid for out of the small amount still remaining in that association's treasury. This we hold is not only foolhardy, but contrary to the unwritten law of that society, it being expressly understood in the hey day of its power, when it could draw its check for \$500 or more, that if at any time the association disbanded, all its money and property of whatsoever kind was to go to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, yet these few remaining members, some of whom have not paid a cent as dues for months past, intend to disregard that injunction and squander money which rightfully should go to the "Home," and this in the face of the record which proves that few of them ever did anything to augment the treasury of the M. L. A. To call this "check" is putting it mild. It is worse; it is a akin to crime.

We had an invite, but circumstances prevented us from attending the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howell, which occurred on the 28th of last month, and tendering our congratulations in person. From information,

which has reached us, we judge a fine time was had upon that occasion, likewise at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stengele some three weeks ago. Speaking of parties, reminds "Yum Yum" that one will probably take place in this city on Thanksgiving Eve, the 24th inst.

Misses Annie and Edith Austin are endeavoring to get up a class of mutes and deaf friends, to take lessons in dancing at River's Academy, on Wednesday evenings during the winter months.

YUM YUM.

BROOKLYN, NOV. 9, 1886.

Nashua, N. H. I had all my old friends here.

Elon R. Gay and his wife live with their father, one mile from the city. Jeremiah Kearns, of Manchester, N. H., came here "as scorer" for the Manchester Juries Base Ball Club, on Saturday four weeks ago. He called at the house of Edwin H. French, in company with Mr. Gay, but found the gentlemen of their search absent. Mr. Kearns said that he received \$500 from the shop hands and friends when he lost his right arm. The "Juries" defeated the "Nashua Stars," by a score of 12 to 6, in six innings.

On Sunday forenoon, some time ago, Joseph Baker, a French deaf-mute, while strolling with Frank Damon through the several streets of the city, was surprised to meet a couple of young deaf-mutes, one Irish and the other French, aged ten and four years respectively. They should be sent to the Hartford School.

Varnum B. Wright preached to the deaf-mutes of Lowell, two weeks ago Sunday, at the Society Hall. He will preach at this place on Sunday, the 21st of this month, in the house of Edwin H. French. The house is situated on No. 25 Auburn St., and the services will commence at 11 o'clock A.M. All deaf-mutes are cordially invited.

Mrs. Kate Gay has secured a job in the new shoe shop, and likes it better than housekeeping. She works in the women's room as liner with Mrs. Nellie Blodgett.

Miss Philpatrick is keeping house for Mrs. Converse while the latter attends to dressmaking.

Edwin H. French was out of this city to work as carpenter in the Derry Depot, N. H., to build a photograph room in the attic of Mr. Palmer's house, a clothing man, and while engaged there made occasional calls on Mr. Sullivan, a deaf-mute of Manchester, N. H., in the old shoe shop as a last faster.

Edwin H. French bought a new Shepherd dog last month.

Varnum B. Wright thinks of going on a visit to his brother and deaf mute friends in Worcester, Mass., next Saturday, if nothing happens.

BROTHER JOHNATHAN.

NASHUA, N. H., NOV. 8, '86.

## BOSTON NOTES.

On Monday evening of two weeks ago, as Mr. and Mrs. William Goldsmith, 35 Putnam Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., were in their home as usual, completely oblivious of possible plots and friendly schemes, a party of sixty or more relatives and friends marched in upon them, and for the moment Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith were uncertain whether a Charleston earthquake or a western cyclone had struck their quiet domicile. But they soon recovered sufficiently to understand that it was only a gentle reminder that it was the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. During the evening, several mysterious packages were opened and proved to contain numerous and useful presents, fitting for the occasion. They were given as slight testimonials of the respect and esteem of the assembled friends. The bride of fifteen years blushed anew when a beautifully decorated wedding cake, presented by the lady employees at the Riverside Printing and Bookbinding Co., was disclosed to view. After an evening pleasantly passed in social converse and games, refreshments were in order. The ladies soon had the fruit of their skilled hands in the shape of toothsome cakes ready for serving, in liberal quantities. The brother of Mr. Goldsmith was one of the party, having foreseen something of this kind, and was prepared with a huge freezer of the most excellent ice cream as his offering to the festivities. The party broke up about eleven o'clock, well pleased with their evening's pleasure, and leaving behind their heartiest congratulations for this anniversary and their best wishes for all the coming years may bring. Among those present at the wedding were Mr. Major P. Bicknell, of Maine, Mrs. P. J. Wright and her sister, Miss Lafferty, both of Lowell, and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes; Mr. and Mrs. Harrington; Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee; Misses Flagg and Chaffin, and forty other mutes.

Rev. P. Perry Bush, of the Universalist Church officiated at the residence of E. W. Frisbee in Everett, Mass., Saturday p.m. at 2 o'clock, and Miss Nellie Sweet, Principal of the Beverly Deaf-Mute School kindly interpreted for the mute friends, in spite of the hard rain. The floral tributes were beautiful. The deceased sister was acquainted with many mutes and was a reader of the *JOURNAL*. The *Charlestown Enterprise* says:—

Laura Ella, the only daughter of John L. and Cinda F. Frisbee, died at her parents' home in Everett on the 27th ult. aged twenty-five years. Miss Frisbee was formerly a Charlestown girl, and a large circle of friends in this city share with her parents their very sad bereavement, for she was not only the companion and pride of her mother, but her kind and affectionate nurse, and for her love and respect of all whom she met. Beautiful in feature, large hearted and tender, she was always a favorite, but that, dreaded

disease, consumption, seized upon her, and in spite of all that medical skill could do, she faded slowly away until the body was too weak to be the tenement of the soul, and was out with trying to breathe, she sank peacefully to rest Patient always in her suffering, extremely thoughtful even to the end, wishing to live, yet willing to go, she leaves only sweet and pleasant memories in the minds of those who knew her. She was one whom it is good to remember, and though earth be poorer, heaven is richer because she is there. At peace with everyone, she had no fear of death, but trusted that we shall meet again. May this same faith sustain those who mourn for her in this sad hour of separation, and may He who alone can comfort, hold and keep them until the time of reunion.

M. George A. Holmes says that he intends to get up a levee on Washington's Birthday. Full particulars will be given in the *JOURNAL* soon.

Mr. Larrabee, formerly of Maine but now of Everett, suddenly disappeared without the knowledge of his brother, who is in the wood and coal business. He was always employed for his brother before his disappearance.

"Say, ma," whispered a little girl in a railway train, "look at those two deaf-mutes over there," and she pointed to a lady and gentleman in the next seat who had not exchanged a word for over an hour.

"Hush, my dear," counselled her mother; "they are not deaf and dumb people—they are husband and wife."—*The Judge*.

On Tuesday evening, October 26th about twenty-five of the friends and acquaintances of Miss Elizabeth Chaffin, who resides in Brighton, four miles from Boston, assembled at the home of her parents for the purpose of enjoying a surprise party in honor of her birthday. About eight o'clock, Miss Chaffin was sent for, as she was paying a visit to one of the neighbors on the occasion, and on returning home was much surprised to see so many friends awaiting her arrival. Later in the evening handsome presents were given to her, which she accepted, expressing thanks for the same. The usual games attending such an affair were indulged in, following which a nice treat was served to the guests, and the party dispersed at a late hour, after spending a pleasant evening. She is a distant relative of Mr. George A. Holmes, nee Abbie L. Chaffin, and is a graduate of the Horace Mann School in Boston. She just learned our language in spite of the warnings given by her teachers against the use of our language.

The Mayflower is sorry, because business cannot allow him to write further.

NOV 6, 1886. MAYFLOWER.

## SYRACUSE, N. Y.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—The letter written to the *JOURNAL* some time ago, signed "Traveller," Syracuse, N. Y., ever since I have read it, it has led me in a train of thoughts, and I cannot put off without sending something to the *JOURNAL* in reply to it.

The old maxim is "Better hit upon the iron while hot." The person who wrote it is both deaf and dumb, but he is very ambitious, and has an excellent education, which does much credit to the young man. Every mute who is desirous to do well in life, ought to reap a good harvest. All mutes can do well in life if they follow carefully the motto, "Whatever thy hand toucheth to do, do it with thy might." This mute says that Syracuse has a large population, and enough mutes to form a society. I agree with him in this matter, and Syracuse certainly ought to be ashamed of itself for not having one. Most of the mutes of this vicinity have good business and are earning good wages, but are too stingy to spare a few pennies for their mutual improvement. Most all cities have some kind of a club for the silent persons. Why cannot Syracuse have one, too? The only answer I can give and which is uppermost in my mind, I think the mutes here would rather spend their money in drink than for the Society. It is a shame, and they will never reap any good from it; but on the contrary, regret it some day.

The well-known bicyclist mute, John Stone, from New Jersey, gave one of his exhibitions as a bicyclist rider in Amory Hall, on the evening of the 6th inst., which was very graceful and wonderful in every way. There were over twenty mutes to witness his graceful riding, which I am sure felt well paid for coming to see him. He is a very pleasant and well built young man, and as well, very gentlemanly in his manners.

Rev. Berry expects to repeat his services in our city on the 9th of this month. I think the mutes would be as interested in religious instructions as any one if there was a shepherd, who would truly take an interest in the welfare of his flock. A short time since a lady remarked to Bishop Harrington that "Syracuse is like a flock of sheep without a shepherd for the mutes." I do not think these once in a while visits will amount to much good, unless meetings are held more frequently.

A SYRACUSIAN.

## A Debate in Philadelphia.

There will be a return debate between representatives of Philadelphia and New York, in the chapel of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, on Friday evening, December 3d, 1886, at 8:30.

The subject will be, "Resolved: That co-operation is more adapted to promote the virtue and happiness of Mankind than competition?" E. A. Hodgson, M.A., and Thos. F. Fox, B.A., will represent New York, and Rev. J. M. Koehler, and S. G. Davidson, B.A., Philadelphia.

The price of admission will be twenty-five cents.

The proceeds of the debate will be applied to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

R. M. ZIEGLER, Sec'y G. M. C. F. D. M. A. PHILA., NOV. 8, 1886.



# FANWOOD.

## The Forthcoming Hare and Hounds.

### INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet's birthday will be celebrated on the 19th of this month, and the boys are going to follow the custom of having a "Hare and Hounds" chase in the suburbs of this city. They held a meeting on Monday, the 1st, and elected Messrs. McVea, Mull, Hanson and Fogle as Hares, and as many as twenty-five hounds have signified their intention of participating in the chase, and we hear that W. H. Rose and Anthony Capelli, two of the "old timers," have applied to join. The hares are the pick of the boys, and possess unrivalled endurance, and it is their intention to make the "chase" the longest and most exciting one on record. Preparations have already commenced for the forthcoming event. Ten minutes' start will be given the hares, and the send off will be at two o'clock.

Ex-Supervisor E. Thimue was arrested after election day, on charge of having voted illegally, but when summoned for trial, he testified to his innocence and was released.

Photographer Douglas has made good use of his camera here the past week. The club that beat the "Rose-hills," some time ago, was taken, and pitcher Gately appears prominently therein.

The High Class girls, who were strongly in favor of Theodore Roosevelt for Mayor, were known to wear falling leaves pinned in bunches to their waists in sympathy of his defeat, after election day.

A couple of friends of Nye Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y., Patrick R. Keely and John E. Duffy, visited the Institution by his request. They work in the shoe establishment with Nye, and say he is a first class workman.

Richard E. Clinton, the blind deaf mute, says he expects to cane chairs for the Lexington Avenue School, when he graduates in '88.

The laborers stopped work on the new road after Election day, having taken off all the earth that pick axe and shovel could accomplish. The drillers and rock mashers will soon be on hand, and as there is to be plenty of blasting North of the shop building, necessary precautions will have to be taken for the safety of the people living.

The puzzle of John B. Herman, an old graduate, referred to in the editorial of last week, has puzzled all those who have attempted to take out the coin, and up to date no one has discovered an opening by which it may be taken out, except "Aquila," who did it in short order.

Those here who remember Miss Clum, as a pupil, were very glad to see her again last week. She is not known as Miss Clum any more, but as Mrs. Munger, and led a little three-year-old girl by the hand, who can converse in the sign-language. She was accompanied by her father, a semi-mute lady of the Rome Institution, named Miss Loneke, and Miss Lizzie Noble, who acted as pilot.

Miss Clara Woodruff, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is visiting friends on Washington Heights.

The Board of Directors have decided that the pupils shall visit the American Institute Fair, but the date has not yet been fixed.

Mrs. Cook, one of the lady supervisors, received a visit from her mother last week.

Snowflakes fell in this city for a few minutes last Sunday.

Our Sunday visitors were Messrs. Kicken, and Gundersdorf, of New Jersey.

Thomas Jameson, of the Freehold farm of Henry Schanck, was seen up here last Monday.

Wm. F. Durian delivered a lecture before the Peet Literary Society last Friday. The subject was "Two Captains."

Misses Jennie Williams and Martha Hamilton were in Newark on the 7th. Last Saturday, there was a report circulated among the boys to the effect that a man had committed suicide at Fort Washington, and they rushed pell mell to the place, only to find a man dead drunk.

Messrs. Lefi and Hanneman, who work together in the same shoe factory down town, were "laid off" last Friday, in consequence of financial difficulties and came up here. They were accompanied by Mr. Gottheimer, of Orange, N. J., brother-in-law of Mr. Lefi. Mr. Lefi informed us that he was going to spend several weeks on the Koffman farm at Orange, N. J.

James H. Caton has returned for a short time, in order to learn caneing chairs, under Mr. Intemann in the Cabinet shop.

Isabella Van Varick, one of our last summer's graduates, delighted her friends here with a call last week.

Prof. E. H. Carrier presented the Peet Literary Society with a large number of copies of *Puck*, which they value highly, and in future they will receive a copy a week from the above-named gentleman.

## Metamora, Indiana.

DEAR JOURNAL—I deem it about time that the mutes of this state were aroused to the sense of their duty and expose John A. Skinner and his money making scheme to the public. While the great bulk of the mutes in this State earning an honest living by the sweat of their brow, he sits back and makes money off of our unfortunate condition. He claims that the mutes of this State hold an annual reunion. They don't. He styles himself manager of deaf-mute reunions. He held deaf-mute shows at Hartford and Milton, then he became ambitious, and got the railroad companies to print bills, nearly three feet long, saying the mutes of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan (and I think Ohio), would hold their annual re-union at New Castle, Sunday, June 6th, 1885, and that the railroads would run excursion trains to it. I demand to know what business he has to impose on the people in that way. He holds them under the guise of religious meetings. About three thousand people attended and paid ten cents each, to see a lot of old maids make fools of themselves for his benefit. They had no stand on the grounds, where a person could get something to eat. A preacher, living at Laurel, wrote to the *American*, our country paper, and said a lot of people from there patronized the Sunday train, and he did not know whether they attended the base ball game at Cambridge City, or the deaf-mute show at New Castle, demoralizing at best. He judges the success more from the gate receipts than from the souls saved. Those shows cause more people to get a good start to that awful place below than he can save in a life time.

Last June 6th, 1886, he held another at Muncie. And the Muncie *News* said if the manager's object was to make money, he certainly succeeded. The *JOURNAL* of last week, contained a letter from some one in this State, who signed himself "Detective Francine," and who says Skinner held another at Warren, Ind., last month, which was a total failure. I met Mr. Skinner in Brookville, while he was putting up bills for his Muncie show. There are no mutes there, except a little boy. Mr. Skinner put up bills in every saloon in that town (a nice place for a man who claims to be getting up a religious meeting to be seen). He is wholly unfit to talk of religion. He travels on a free pass, which he probably begged from the railroad company. When the train left Muncie, a terrible fight took place on the cars between a lot of drunken toughs. One man was shot and another stabbed. Some were kicked off the train. Say, Indiana mutes, don't you think that a nice way to return for his meeting. The newspapers said they were returning from the deaf-mute convention. I wish to inform Mr. Skinner that if he attempts to hold another, next summer, the mutes will put up bills alongside of his, under their own names.

I will tickle him, through the Franklin County papers and the Indianapolis *Journal*, if necessary. He lost the hammer he had tacking up bills in Brookville. I bet he tells the railroad companies that the reunion is for some benevolent cause. I have nothing in the world against Mr. Skinner, but what, O, what will the people think of us, if we allow him to continue in the show business. My advice to Mr. Skinner is to take off his coat, and go to work, and make a man of himself. The *JOURNAL* is the ablest of the deaf-mute papers, and is, doubtless, in favor of justice to all. Therefore, it is open to Mr. Skinner to defend his show. I hope he will reply and tell us all he can.

I have, hitherto, wrote under the name of "Hiawatha," but as I want Mr. Skinner to know who I am, I will sign my name, WALTER L. McWHORTER. Nov. 3, 1886.

## All Hallow Eve, and Other Items.

As the *JOURNAL* is an independent weekly newspaper, published exclusively in the cause of the deaf and dumb in every land and clime, and as its columns are open to all who desire to contribute to it, we venture to add our mite about the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, whenever anything of interest turns up.

A rather early visitor made his appearance on the grounds one morning, not very long ago. It was an organ grinder with his hand organ; but how he contrived to find his way to the house is a mystery, because it is hidden far off from the main entrance. Seen at a distance, the Mansion presents quite an imposing look, so the poor fellow, in his delight, probably mistook it for some institution of learning. We suppose he little imagined that most of the inmates of the building, to which he came, had no ears for music, although, after playing away upon his big instrument for several minutes, and having partaken of a nice breakfast, he went his way rejoicing, perchance to strike up at some other more unpretending circle than ours.

October 10th was an autumn Sabbath of rare loveliness, and delightfully mild. Taking advantage of the beautiful weather, fifteen visitors called in the afternoon. At both morning and evening chapel service, there was a good attendance, twenty deaf-mutes assembling. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. M. Ostrander, of Whiteport, N. Y., who came the night before to stay until Monday morning, when they departed for home, having had a very enjoyable visit.

Monday afternoon, October 11th, the Home was favored with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. John Carlin, and Mrs. S. E. Sip, of New York, that evening, and the evening following, the chapel doors were thrown open to the family gathering there. Mr. Carlin gave two interesting addresses upon all sorts of topics. In the course of a grand conversation, Mr. Carlin remarked that should his life be spared he intended to come to the Gallaudet Home about this season next year, to sketch from nature at Clinton Point. Our deaf-mute guests left us on Wednesday morning for Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where they boarded the Albany boat for New York City. It was said that the venerable landscape painter made his first visit to our Home at the right time, just in real autumn, when nature looks so beautifully gay.

Sunday afternoon, October 17th, some of the inmates, including the writer, in company with Superintendent Schutt and his wife, were driven by Mr. James Gordon to Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, on Market Street, Poughkeepsie, where Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached to the congregation and said a few words about the Home and its object. Rev. Henry L. Ziegness is the minister of the Church. In the evening, Dr. Gallaudet preached at another church in the same city. The day after, taking leave of the Nelson family, he started for Chicago, Ill.

Just after sunset, Friday afternoon, October 22d, quite a large fire occurred near the Hudson River Railroad, in the vicinity of the Home. Upon going to the place, Superintendent Schutt found that the fire was caused by sparks issued from the locomotive of a passing train, which ignited the dry leaves of the trees. No great damage was done.

Several of the male inmates voted on Election Day. Messrs. Schutt, Atwood, Hatch, Cunningham and Palin, cast their votes for the Republican ticket, while Messrs. Eltrich and Bauer favored the Democratic party.

Thinking it may interest the *JOURNAL* readers to hear how All Hallow Eve passed off at the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, let us give a brief detail of the happy party which took place. A large pail full almost to the brim with clear water, and several apples floating about in it, was placed in the centre of the large kitchen.

Mr. Philip Tobin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., first distributed to each member of the family the presents which had been bought for them. There were more than twenty persons in the kitchen. For want of time and space, we can give a list of only a few presents. Mrs. Josephine Schutt received a handsome blue cut-glass tumbler, Miss Lizzie Fischel, a pretty work basket; Mr. William Eltrich, a neat drawing pencil, and the writer, a box of notepaper and envelopes. Then began the tub-part, and several succeeded in catching up the apples by their stems. The family afterwards repaired to the dining-room, where coffee, cakes and lemonade were served. Again the kitchen was resorted to, and there the household enjoyed themselves in conversation and indulged in a hearty set of games until about eleven o'clock, when the little party broke up. There were no invited guests, so every body had the fun to themselves. Thus closed the first All Hallow Eve at the Gallaudet Home, and a very pleasant affair it was.

STELLA.

"What are you doing, Reginald?" asked Reginald's wife, as she saw him lay down the two-year old and take up the twin babies who were crying like good ones. "Only an example in addition, my dear," he responded wearily. "I don't understand." "I put down one and am carrying two, that's all," and he began the midnight walking-match.—*Tid-Bits*.

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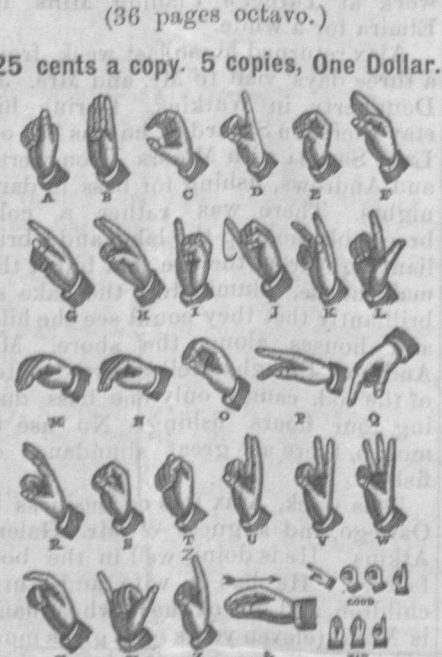
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CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Church, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of the Church, at the corner of the Convention, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. S. Fisher, President, and Thomas Brown is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

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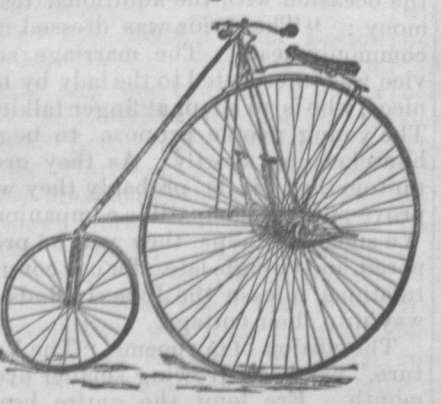
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## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

### BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tattle Hall, 128 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhlring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas. E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex. Dezaudorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and a civilizing among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. Dezaudorf, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson; Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McChlor; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo C. Williams, 407 Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

### CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mute in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Orent; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hartway. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 p.m. at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

### CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street, and last meetings of the month for members only. Debut every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

### CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Thursdays, at 8:30 p.m. Fred Reiter, President; Alfred Bierlein, Secretary. His address is 36 Celestial St., Cincinnati, O.

### CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Church, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of the Church, at the corner of the Convention, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. S. Fisher, President, and Thomas Brown is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

### DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Brown is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebrun, 710 Pine Street.

### GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the deaf-mute. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President; Birmingham; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

### PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, "Pas-a-Pas—step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matt Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kugon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

### WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings the Reformed Presbyterian Church on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be addressed to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 p.m. in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturdays evening. Its object is to promote the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Smith, Second Vice-President; James M. Wilcock, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Saturday at 3 o'clock p.m., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Club. Classes of regular members. Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosier Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, cor. 5th and 6th Sts., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brook lyn.

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month. For business only. Its purpose of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis deaf-mutes and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A. H. Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. Merrill; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCanby. Address: President or Secretary, 1437 Car St., St. Louis Mo.

### THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in the betterment of the deaf-mute; to extend to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to such independent local society, with their cooperation; to strengthen Union Societies of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: W. E. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer and A. C. Hartway, Secretary and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas Gallaudet, is now officered by Oscar Kinsman, President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary; and James M. Hamby, Vice-President. Alfred J. Bondfield; 2d Vice President, William Brainerd; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms; John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 12 Essex Street, near the City Hall. It holds regular meetings, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any day (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and W. F. Packard, Executive Committee. W. R. Bigelow, J. F. Harris, Geo. Pease, Trustees.

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